

The Naked Now by [flippyspoon](#)

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Summary:

For my paying cards prompt challenge! The prompts were: Humor, Wheeler house, Joyce Byers, a mysterious package or a camera, and public nudity.

The Naked Now

“Is this shit over yet?” Billy plopped down on the sofa and threw his head back. “Nerds! End this already! Gotta get Max home.”

“You’re early,” Max muttered, without looking back. The campaign continued and Steve sat down next to Billy, nudging him with his knee.

“Can’t you control these shitheads?” Billy said, his head lolling over to glare at Steve.

“You’re early,” Steve said shrugging.

“I wanna get outta here,” Billy grumbled. “Drop off Max, get on with our night...”

“I bet you do,” Steve said, tossing him a wink.

“Harrington,” Billy said. “Don’t start.”

“Man. How things change eh?” Steve yawned in the most dramatically artificial way possible, covering his mouth. He pretended to stretch before throwing an arm around Billy’s shoulders. “I seem to remember one of us being the more aggressively flirtatious one-”

“Could you maybe shut up?” Billy said.

“Now look at you.” Steve shook his head. “Wound up tighter than Nancy Reagan.” He whispered in Billy’s ear. “Am I not keeping you satisfied, baby?”

“You keep me *too* satisfied,” Billy hissed in his ear. “That’s the problem.”

Steve’s hand around Billy’s shoulders came up to curl a lock of hair between his fingers, his thumb caressing the back of Billy’s neck. Billy sighed, his eyes slipping shut. He leaned into the touch.

“Stop it,” Billy muttered. “They’ll see.”

“Nah,” Steve said. “They’re dead to the world right now.”

Steve watched Billy’s shoulders drop, just this much gentle affection and he was melting right in front of Steve on Mike Wheeler’s couch.

“I’m not wound up,” Billy said.

“Ha!” Steve said. “You’re a walking nerve end.”

“Like you’re not a tight ass-”

“Oh, I think I know who has a tight ass.”

Billy snorted a laugh at that. “Seriously,” Billy said. “One of us has the ability to cut loose, and it ain’t you, Harrington.”

“I can cut loose,” Steve said, scowling a little. “Just because I don’t go knocking over mailboxes or something...”

“I bet you wouldn’t...eh...” Billy huffed a breath, rolling his eyes, thinking of an example. “Bet you wouldn’t streak.”

“Streak...” Steve tittered. “What? Run naked in public? Why the hell would *anyone* do that?”

“For the thrill,” Billy said. “The fuck you of it all.”

“I could streak if I wanted to,” Steve said.

Billy’s eyes lit up, which Steve did not like at all. “Okay, then do it.”

“What *here*? ”

“No, you pervert. At school.”

“At *school*? ” Steve gaped at him. “Get real.”

“It’s not like you got anything to be ashamed of,” Billy whispered, glancing significantly down at Steve’s lap. “We both know that.”

“I’m not streaking, maniac.”

“Tight ass,” Billy said.

“Fuck you.”

“Tiiiiight aaaaass,” Billy sang.

“*You streak at school,*” Steve said.

“Harrington, if you want me naked, all you have to do is ask. We’ve had this conversation.”

“Seriously.”

“Have we met?” Billy said wryly. “You think I care about getting naked in front of people?”

“Yeah,” Steve said, sadly relenting. “You barely wear clothes as it is.”

“So, ya gonna do it?” Billy said, his tongue between his teeth.

“What the hell would I get out of that?”

“*Infamy,*” Billy whispered. “There’s a pep rally on Monday.”

“You want me to *streak the pep rally?*” Steve said.

“Abso-fucking-lutely.”

“You’re a madman.”

“I’m *your* madman.”

“Yeah well, fuck my life.”

Billy Hargrove did not for one moment imagine that Steve Harrington was actually going to streak Monday’s pep rally.

About this he was much mistaken.

Billy ditched the rally, assuming he would not be missing a goddamn thing. They hadn’t even spoken of it since, though he did think of it

from time to time over the weekend. He hadn't even thought to mention it after a rousing night of sweaty sex, once he was curled up beside Steve, tracing circles into Steve's tight stomach, watching his chest still rise and fall as he caught his breath.

As a Hawkins High athlete, he was mandated to be at the rally. But Billy did not respond well to mandates. Instead he loitered by the Camaro, smoking, hearing the cheers from the gym.

A car pulled into the lot and parked near Billy. He watched Joyce Byers get out and gave her a nod. He had a strange kind of understanding with Joyce Byers, the handful of times they'd interacted. She knew he'd once been knocked out in her house and they never spoke of it. He suspected Mrs. Byers also knew about he and Steve somehow. They never spoke of that either. As far as parents went, Billy thought she might be one of the better ones.

"Mrs. Byers," Billy said. "Fancy meeting you here." He was used to turning the charm on with moms, but Joyce Byers had never responded to it beyond rolling her eyes.

"Hi, Billy," Mrs. Byers, smiling kindly as she approached. "I'm just picking Jonathan up for a dentist appointment. His car's shot. You ditching the rally?"

"I'm not really into pep," he said.

"Yeah." She chuckled. "Neither was I. You know, if you're gonna do that, it's better to hide out by the equipment shed on the field. Get caught out here."

"You ditch a lot of rallies in your day, Mrs. Byers?" Billy said, smirking around his cigarette.

"I ditched a lot of everything," Mrs. Byers said, and motioned for a drag of his smoke.

He gave it over willingly, feeling easy in her company. He was about to ask just how much trouble she'd gotten into herself at Hawkins High when a boyish shriek sounded from the gym and Billy and Mrs. Byers turned their heads to see-

“Hoooooly shit,” Billy said.

Steve Harrington was very naked and running very fast from the gym toward the parking lot. He zigzagged, obviously panicked and with no plan, and Billy felt the laugh of his life burbling up, beginning somewhere in his stomach and coming up his throat, exploding out of him until he was doubled over, his hands on his knees, unable to stop, unable to breathe. He’d never laughed so hard in his life, he was sure, as Steve spotted him and came speeding over, his dick wagging.

“Oh my Lord!” Mrs. Byers said, clapping a hand to her mouth. She sounded quite amused.

“BILLY!” Steve spotted Mrs. Byers and yelped, his already big eyes becoming yet bigger as he attempted to cover his junk with his hands and nearly ate pavement as he came to a stop in front of them, panting, his hair sticking up in all directions, practically vibrating with nervous energy.

“YOU WEREN’T EVEN THERE?!” Steve said to Billy and then to Mrs. Byers: “Oh my God, Mrs. Byers, I’m so sorry...”

Joyce Byers shook her head, stifling laughter herself. “Seen it all before, sweetie.” She tried to compose herself and failed, bursting into fresh giggles. “Cover him up, Billy. Jesus.”

Billy couldn’t answer as he was still nearly dead from laughter, tears streaming down his face. He straightened up, leaning back against the Camaro and threw an arm around Steve.

“I can’t believe you did it!” Billy said.

“GIMME YOUR FUCKING JACKET, ASSHOLE!”

“Steve,” Mrs. Byers said, shaking her head, still laughing. “*Why?*”

“Because he said I couldn’t!” Steve said, nodding at Billy, wrapping his boyfriend’s leather jacket around his waist.

“Ugh, boys,” Mrs. Byers said.

“I have something for ya,” Steve said, two days later, when they met under the bleachers at lunch.

Sometimes he thought his little streaking shenanigan (meeting with not much punishment as he was about to graduate anyway) had ruined things with Billy who could barely look at him without shaking his head and chuckling. On the other hand...seeing Billy genuinely laugh always made Steve a little giddy with happiness. So maybe it had been worth it.

“What’s that?” Billy said, sticking his cig in his mouth.

“Present from Jonathan Byers,” Steve said, unzipping his backpack. “He claims it’s the only one. Better not be lying.”

“Jonathan Byers?” Billy said.

“He was taking pictures at the pep rally for the school paper.”

“Oh please tell me it’s...”

“Yep.

There was one shot: a crisp black and white 8x12 of Steve Harrington in all his glory caught mid-stride in the gym backed by cheerleaders and Tommy H. on the fringe, his mouth agape. Steve was on one foot, running full tilt, his dick swinging to one side. Part of the student body was visible in the stands looking gleefully shocked.

In this particular picture Steve looked like he was grinning and not panicked as when Billy had seen him. His mouth was wide open, the corners turned up, his eyes bright, his hair flying.

“This should be in the Smithsonian,” Billy said, pretending to wipe away a tear.

“Fuck you, dude.”